

THERE is work for everyone who wants it throughout the Middle West, Northwest and Pacific Coast regions. Jobs are crying for takers; places are steady; wages are good. People generally believe that with the Peace Treaty ratified the nation will race to unparalleled prosperity.

One-story bungalows, either of frame, brick or concrete, are the most popular homes on the Pacific Slope. Wild roses cover them; shrubbery surrounds them; the pink and green growths remain all the year through. And you don't have to be rich to own one. Wages are almost, if not quite, as high as in the East; rents and food are considerably lower.

Indianapolis has the smartest-looking, best-built apartment houses in the country—and that means the world. They are being built E-shaped, T-shaped, L-shaped, so that there's plenty of light and air for every room, and they have liberal space surrounding them. They're really a revelation. This couldn't be done in most parts of the East, but it could be done elsewhere in any city of fair area and decent street car service.

What were the actual performances of the wooden ships over which such a fuss was made when we were "building a bridge across the Atlantic" during war-days? In the harbor at Seattle there is a great flotilla of them moored side by side, growing dingier by the day. When someone asked what all those vessels were doing lying idly in port, the answer was: "Unseaworthy!" Seattle doesn't talk much about wooden ships. Were there many other unseaworthy ones beside these?

The native sons are proud of their San Francisco and Los Angeles; the people up in Tacoma and Portland and Seattle boast of their wonderful cities; Minneapolis and St. Paul and St. Louis are all buzzing hives of industry and you can't tell their citizens that there are places equally good. But for pep and ardor and actual work toward civic improvement, the inhabitants of Des Moines were the liveliest lot the Presidential party met anywhere.

A beautiful civic center is under way, with the Iowa state capitol as the central feature. A fine park system, extending right through the middle of the city, is being completed. A series of handsome stone bridges are linking the sections which are separated by the river which bears the same name as the city. Splendid roads radiate in all directions. All the best citizens of Des Moines are on a general committee which pushes these things along. They don't simply talk about improvements—they make them and show them to you.

The President brought back a souvenir he said he would always cherish. He got it this way:

As the train pulled slowly out of Billings, Montana, three barefooted lads of 12 or 14 chased alongside the last car. "Hey, Mr. President, take this!" shouted one, handing up a little flag. Mr. Wilson took it. "Here, Mr. President, take this!" cried the second. His gift, a yellow chrysanthemum, was also accepted. These two boys, radiant with grins, dropped out of the running, leaving the third to toil on alone with gloom pictured in his face. He had nothing in his hands to give.

Suddenly, when it seemed that he could no longer maintain the increasing pace, his freckled countenance beamed. He reached into his pocket and held something tiny toward the President, panting: "Here y'are,

SENATOR WATSON, of Indiana: "If Socialists and Anarchists are recognized in official life, they will not be condemned in private life. If they are fostered and protected by the government, they will flourish in business and industrial institutions, and we will not succeed in overcoming the Bolshevistic tendency of the day unless we oust from office every Red radical holding a place under the government."

Representative Williams, of Illinois:—"From 1877 to 1917, 40 years, the expenditures of the federal government have increased more than 500 per cent. This certainly is a most startling fact, and if the same ratio of increase obtains for the next 40 years we will find Congress appropriating annually something like \$20,000,000,000."

Representative Blanton, of Texas:—"The gentleman from Iowa (Representative Good) the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, admitted that out of the many thousands of war clerks only about 2,100 had been sent home, and he laid the blame on the departments; and I am advised that every time one of the departments turns loose some of these war workers who are unnecessary and tells them to go home that the very next day a Congressman, in many instances a Republican, comes down with his constituents, both to the department and to the Civil Service Commission, demanding that they be reinstated in that or some other department—and there is the trouble. That is the rea-

Flashes of Fact Across America

These odds and ends of observation and comment were set down by a staff writer who made the tour of the country with President Wilson while he was appearing before the people in advocacy of the League of Nations. They are merely snap-shot impressions of the United States gained by a fast-moving traveler in the fall of 1919.

Mis-ter—Wil-son!" The President's hand closed over the little fellow's. When it came away it held a thin, smooth-worn silver dime.

"All he had!" said the President, gravely regarding the coin. "That's America. It gives all it has. I'm going to keep this!" Then he swung his cap to the happy youngster until the town vanished in the distance.

Mid-West and West are far ahead of the East when it comes to halls for great meetings. Nearly every city of any size has its auditorium or coliseum, holding from 8,000 to 15,000 persons. The civic stadium is also an admirable feature of some of the Western towns. San Diego has a beautiful open-air structure which seats 40,000—nearly half her population. By means of an ingenious electrical device called a "magna-vox," the entire assemblage heard the President. Tacoma has a wonderful natural stadium built against the side of a cliff, overlooking her harbor. Berkeley has one rimmed with palms. St. Louis has in her park an open-air theater built on the stadium plan. This, last summer, won not only an artistic success with light opera, but was self-sustaining and even showed a small profit.

Prohibition is being pretty well accepted all over the country. The predicted "serious times," the "no beer, no work revolution," the angered outbursts of citizens who had their "liberty" taken away from them, never did materialize anywhere.

In a few of the larger mid-Western and Pacific coast cities which were wet before July 1—for example, St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul, San Francisco and Los Angeles—it is possible, with the correct introduction or code-word, to get bad whisky for high prices over some bars. And the boot-legger, with his \$25-a-quart rat-poison, can be scared up in most of the larger places. But few persons are going to the trouble and expense of doing their drinking either of those two ways.

A fair amount of home devised stuff is being manufactured and consumed. The Teutonic-strained are producing their own beer wherever they may be located. On the Western Slope there is considerable wine being fermented for family use. The Russian wheat-field workers of the Dakotas are distilling from the cereal a vodka which the cowpunchers say "would make a moujik go up and bat Trotsky on the jaw."

But on the whole the American people are not consuming one one-hundredth of what they did before July 1. It's a fairly dry country right now and it's getting drier by the day. The man who drinks has to be either very thirsty or very rich—or both.

Heard in Washington

son why we have all these thousands of war workers who we know are unnecessary at this time and who long since should have been sent home; that is the reason there are so many still hanging on to public jobs with no work to do of any value, and that is the reason that the blame is not on these departments, Republican and Democratic chiefs alike, but the blame primarily rests upon the Congress, and these war workers are going to continue to hold their positions just as long as Members of Congress sit here and permit them to do so."

Senator Jones, of New Mexico:—"Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry. What is the order of business?"

The Vice President:—"The presentation of petitions and memorials, and, for a number of weeks past, letters, telegrams, editorials, newspaper clippings, and so forth."

Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri:—"The King of the Belgians is about the only one of the ican people."

There's a little of the old-fashioned West left, but nothing except the country remains very wild. The only Indians visible off the reservations wore blue flannel shirts and overalls, smoked cigarets, drove wagons, and called "Attaboy!" to the President.

The cowboy with the long-haired "chaps" and long-barrelled gun has made his fade-out in real life, regardless of his exploits in reel life. Only one wearing the whiskered pants came close to the train. That was in Idaho. They were dyed pink. He grinningly admitted that he'd put them on "just to give Woody a touch of high life." Khaki breeches and puttees are good enough for the modern puncher, whether male or female. The Presidential party saw quite a number of these latter—pretty ones, too.

You can't down the pioneering American. Witness: Three young girl school-teachers were standing at the railroad station at Glendive, Montana, and during the short stay of the Presidential train someone asked them how conditions were thereabouts.

"There hasn't been a drop of rain around here for nearly three years," they replied. "The wheat crops amounted to nothing, and the pasturage was so burnt up that range horses have been sold as low as a couple of dollars a head. But don't you-all go knocking our town or our country. Just tell President Wilson and put it in your papers that we're not downhearted and we're all full of pep, and we'll show the world when we get half a chance that Montana's the greatest state in the Union."

There has not been much trouble lately from the I. W. W.'s in the Northwest. The "Wobblies," as the people there call them, have had a few severe lessons wherein the "force" that they advocate was applied to themselves, and recently they've been keeping pretty quiet. Seattle citizens declare that reports of the big flare-up they had with the "Bolsheviki" were exaggerated. And they are unanimous in saying that it was a two-fisted Irish chief of police, rather than a city executive, who quelled the trouble.

Have our cities grown too big all of a sudden? There are the same serious housing, feeding and transportation problems in every place where numbers of industries have located. For mid-West examples, St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Kansas City, Omaha. On the other hand, in medium-sized cities there seems to be accommodation for everyone, not only in the way of shelter, but also in the way of food and street railway transportation. See Des Moines, Wichita, Bismarck, Billings and Cheyenne, for instance. Wouldn't it solve a lot of our problems to have fewer half-million or million-people cities, and more of the 25,000, 50,000, or 100,000 sort?

The "yellow peril" which Californians talk about is not, as most people imagine, fear of aggression by Japan, as much as apprehension of the growth of Japanese population within the state. A Los Angeles publisher, riding with the writer through the Japanese section of that city, pointed out thousands of Japanese children—future American citizens because of their birth here.

"Each Japanese family has a baby a year," he said. "Each American family—well, nothing like that, of course. Their birth rate is steady, and at top-notch. Ours is low and declining. Actual statistics show that unless there is a change in the birth rate of one or the other race, the American-born Japanese in California will outnumber and outvote the whites of California in forty years."

Representative Steagall, of Tennessee:—"Merely to call a thing a reform does not enthrone me any more so much as it used to—though I wish it understood that I am still a young man. I confess that I am alarmed at the incessant cry for change to be heard on every hand. I deplore the discontent and dissatisfaction with customs and ideals and institutions we have been taught to regard as sacred. We have upset so many things that I sometimes fear I shall wake up some morning to find myself left-handed. I once heard my father tell a story that illustrates my view of what is needed in this country. There was a great preacher down in my country who once held a big revival meeting. Soon after the meeting closed he met a friend and told him about it. He said it was the greatest revival he had ever known in his life. The friend was a religious man and, being delighted with the report, hastened to inquire, 'And how many new members did you take in?' The preacher replied, 'We did not take in any; we turned out 130.' We need an end to the senseless clamor for change and a revival of common sense."

Robert Lansing, Secretary of State:—"Let us not forget what American democracy has done for human liberty. Let us not forget what democracy can do for universal peace. Democracy was worth fighting for and worth dying for, and it is worth guarding sacredly from every contaminating influence. With it as the dominant idea of our national life no American need fear for the future of this republic. With it as the supreme political principle of the nations, we may look forward to an era of permanent peace."

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